

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

465

"Got a Tag-Card Mister?"

CARTOPHILY IS GOING TO BE A BIG THING AFTER THE WAR, SAYS DANIEL QUARE, SO TURN OUT YOUR OLD CIGARETTE PICTURES

TO you and me it seems a century since we bought cigarettes, not only in their familiar pre-war packages, but with a little cigarette card tucked in each carton.

To "cartophiles" however, the collector's value of cigarette cards has increased some thirty times since the war now that British issues of cigarette cards are no longer available.

These collectors believe that "Cartophily" is going to be a very big thing indeed after the war, when new issues start up again, and the old pre-1939 sets will have an even bigger public demand.

One of the biggest Cartophilic Societies has 170 members. Most of them are in the Forces, but 25 meet regularly and help to assess the catalogue values of cigarette cards. They believe that in range of subjects and interests, cigarette card collecting has philately licked hollow.

These expert cartophilists have a deep sympathy with the little urchins who used to run round asking "Got any tag cards, mister?" but like all collectors, they have added a technical veneer to their hobby, and some of their amassed knowledge impresses you as staggering when you recollect that it is all bound up with the tiny and usually rather crudely printed 3- or 4-coloured cigarette card.

In pre-1939 days, 120 series of cards were produced every year.

"Fifty million was not a big order for any one series," a prominent cartophilist told me. His collection is valued at £3,500, judged by pre-war values, and he has handled over a million cards to get his present collection.

The average inscription on the back of each cigarette card is 60 words, the size of the type usually being 'seven-point'.

"As long ago as the 1890's some of the pioneer cigarette firms were producing talisman cards. In those days it was usually regiments or pictures of ships. Right up to the outbreak of war there were modern series describing dive bombers, catapult-launched aircraft, robot tanks, and even rocket guns. But, of course, those are not the cards that are worth the money."

"I began collecting when I was a boy of twelve," Mr. G. E. Brownell, a member of the staff of H.M. Customs, told me. "I can always check the year of the first set I bought. It was a series of soldiers' heads in 1895. It is catalogued at £30 now. On the values given in the catalogue, my collection is worth about £2,500. I have never bothered about having it insured."

He has 1,600 complete sets of cards, and a total of some 130,000.

Most of these prominent cartophilists hope to see their hobby on the Royal level of philately. They would like the King to have as good a collection of cigarette cards as he has of postage stamps.

"Philatelists had forty years start on us," Col. C. L. Bagnall, D.S.O., M.C., told me. "The first cigarette cards were not issued in America until the 30's. Nowadays the top prices are up to £2 10s. for a single card of the years 1884-90."

A complete set of 'National Hotways' issued in 1893, is now worth £60.

Modern cards are not likely to be worth 50s. each! There are still plenty of 1938-9 sets to be had for 9d. and 1s. a time, according to popularity. One of the most popular issues was

average being 48 to a set. Some of these tiny cards is a problem only twelve cards in each series.

One of the largest sets of 110,000 cards, was blitzed recently in a flying-bomb incident in the South of England. But there are many keen cartophilists in the West Country, and one famous collector has 2,500 complete sets in vacuum sealed cellophane cartons so that the colours can be preserved.

Some of the early cards were block-printed from hand-etched wooden mounts. They were crude 2-colour affairs printed on hand platen machines. Three separate printings were needed, one for each colour and one for the typing matter on the reverse of the card. In more modern times, the cards are printed by chemically etched and coloured corked cylinders of zinc in a litho process.



a series of 30 million—in one issue—so, of course, there are plenty left over even after five years of war.

About sixty trades are concerned with the making of "tag cards." It is not only a matter of pasteboard production and photo-litho printing. Technical details of the subjects have to be checked and the typography of these tiny cards is a problem. They are nearly all printed, not from solid type or even from cast plates moulded from type, but from engraved plates shaped to fit the rollers.

Some cartophilists collect "errors"—captions which do not fit the pictures, and other mistakes. In one famous series of ships, for instance, there is a picture of H.M.S. Bounty depicted flying a Union Jack, twelve years before such a flag was hoisted. In a famous regiment series, the Welsh Guards are given a goat mascot, although that regiment indignantly refuted the idea immediately the cards had been printed. As 60 million had already been run off, it was decided not to scrap them.

Now, some "errors" more extraordinary than these, may be worth as much as 30s. each. Most keen cartophilists do not approve of error collecting, but they have to admit that, as with philately, errors are usually worth twice as much as an ordinary card. As there are usually 50 cards to a set and only one error in several millions, it may be almost a lifetime's work to discover a lucky card which is a true collector's error and may be valuable.

A Town Clerk in the Midlands has built up an astonishing total of 4,000 complete sets, the

Some cigarette card manufacturers even ran three mile strips of thin card through the giant rollers of photostereoscopes, and like 3-coloured pictures were printed in tiny 28 sq. in. spaces at the rate of 24 a second.

The fine coloured inks for these cards, like petrol as a base, are rationed and the carboid unobtainable until more pulp is available from Canada after the war.

Despite the high collector's value of many cards, there are few forgeries in existence. It is almost impossible to hand-print and copy a photo-litho coloured job in such a small size. The "register" (i.e. accuracy of over-printing of one colour to another) is seldom great. It is often in error by as much as one-fiftieth of an inch, which shows up clearly on the picture.

The temptation of forgers is to accentuate the error, and the difficulty of forging the tiny cards makes it not worth while as a commercial proposition.

In fact, it is easier to fake £1 notes!

In pre-1939 days cartophilists added to their collection by smoking as many as 50 cigarettes a day, and thus privately adding to their store of cards in addition to buying them in batches of several thousands a time.

One of the biggest collectors has been asking "Got any tag cards, mister?" in a polite fashion for 45 years, and he has 105,000 cards in 2,800 complete sets. They have all been "scroured" from friends—because this cartophilist is a non-smoker!

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

FROM the Ministry of Information filters the following:—

His Majesty's Submarine "Sportsman," now back in a home base after a year's campaigning in the Mediterranean, sank a 2,800 tons supply ship and damaged a 12,300 tons tanker on an early "blooding" patrol.

She also sank 9,000 tons of shipping on two successive patrols, or damaged throughout her commission more than 31,000 tons of shipping, at least half of which went to the bottom.

"Sportsman" was the submarine referred to in a recent Admiralty announcement, but not named, which, after waiting for two days outside an Aegean harbour for an enemy ship to come out, went right up to the boom in bright moonlight and torpedoed the ship through the gate.

The commanding officer of "Sportsman" throughout her Mediterranean adventures was Lieut. R. Gatehouse, who was decorated in 1942 for "courage, skill and gallantry" while serving in "Triumph."

THE sinking of a 2,800 tons supply ship on a 'blooding' patrol was the result of our first attack," said Lieut. Gatehouse.

"We ran in close enough to read the name on the side of the target, and there was no doubt that the torpedo hit, for when I came up to periscope depth only wreckage and a lifeboat were to be seen."

On the next patrol I went looking for a target in another locality.

"The sea was glassy calm when I sighted a 2,000-ton supply ship. It was important to fire as close as I could get, so that the enemy would not see the torpedo's track. I ran in at speed and fired at 600 yards' range."

The ship blew up, broke in two, and in ten seconds had disappeared.

"The 4,800-ton vessel which we sank was leaving Suda Bay escorted when we fired a torpedo which unmistakably scored a hit."

"A quick look through the periscope showed the target rising to port and enveloped in smoke."

"Depth charges from escorts interrupted the spectacle through the periscope, and it was about an hour later before I was able to take another look."

"I was astonished to see that the vessel was still afloat, though her back was broken, with the two portions making an angle of 150 degrees."



One more torpedo finished her.

"Sportsman" has been adopted by Gillingham, Kent.

Sportsman's Crew

aboard H.M.S. "Trident" as they did here.

Y. very kindly offer to do anything possible to help us. Thanks for that, and I will take you up on it.

Here's my request: Write again and tell us what you DON'T like about "Good Morning."

Will you keep your promise?

Ron Richards

HIS MAJESTY'S Submarine "Taku" had a problem—happily, we have been able to fix it, so I hope the problem isn't any more.

All that was needed, it seems, was some pin-up girls—they are in the post, gents. If there are any more you would like, please let me know. Must thank you for your letter, Sub-Lieut. B. Prendergast. It's gratifying, if I might say so, that you take such an interest in the welfare of the crew of your boat.

ANOTHER joke and another laugh from H.M. Submarine—makes two letters in one day from one boat.

That is a record high—thanks, gents. So you get plenty of laughs out of "Good Morning," do you, A.B. George Price? Hope you laugh at the parts we mean to be funny—I doubt. Your home address has been sent to the local reporter, of course, and soon you should hear from Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

YOU asked for a picture of Phyllis Dixey, Stoker G. L. Rutherford—you've got it, and I hope you like it. It's easy to find in any picture you ask for, though I admit I had to flannel Alf Wood quite a bit to make him give this gal a page all to herself. So the Stokers' Mess needs some decorations, does it? Pin-ups are on the way, pal, and I hope they prove as popular

Home Town News

"TWISTING the lion's tail" is a familiar figure of speech. But someone went one better with a well-known Weymouth lion, which had its tail "pinched."

Some misguided practical joker mutilated the gilded model lion which for years has adorned—and advertised—the "Golden Lion" Hotel in St. Edmund's-street, by breaking off its tail.

A year ago the "Golden Lion's" sign suffered the indignity of being tarred.

Whoever is conducting what appears to be a vendetta against the "Golden Lion" does not lack audacity, for the hotel is right opposite a police station!

ON THE CONTINGONG.

Members of Ashby Club, one of Southampton's most go-ahead youth centres, are subscribing a shilling a week for a holiday which they hope to spend on the Continent in 1945. "We plan to go to Nor-

way," says Mr. Reg. Burns, the club leader, "but Switzerland and the Rhine are alternative."

We have worked out a scheme that will make the trip a bargain in tourism. We estimate that, with help promised by friends of the Club, it will cost each boy or girl between £5 and £8, including pocket-money.

We hope to fit both ways, so that we can have long as possible wherever we go.

WASHED OUT.

"To starch or not to starch?" That was the question put by the Parochial Church Council of St. Paul's, Weymouth.

Some of the members thought the Council might save a fiver or so if the choristers' surplices were laundered at home.

It was just a matter of starching, said one, but a practical member pointed out that "no two people wash alike to-day."

So, in the interest of uniformity, the idea was "washed out."

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/c Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Sindbad the Sailor's first Romance

THE Sultan of the Indies had shown great interest in the nightly tales of Scheherazade, by which she was preserving her life and that of her sister, Dinarzade. Only by keeping him further interested could she escape the experience of so many who were brides one night and corpses next morning.

Having finished the stories of the three strange ladies of Bagdad, Scheherazade proceeded the next evening to relate the first of the seven historic adventures of Sindbad, the Sailor.

Majesty (she said, when the Sultan was settled on the divan) there once lived in Bagdad a poor porter, named Hindbad. He was one day employed carrying a heavy burden from one end of the town to another, and being very weary, he sat down on a pavement which had been sprinkled with rose water. He knew not who dwelt in the large house opposite, so he asked, and was told that it belonged to Signor Sindbad, the Sailor.

The porter became very melancholy when he compared his own position with that of the signor; and just then a servant came out of the house and taking the porter by the arm, bade him follow, for Signor Sindbad wanted to speak to him.

The servant brought him into the great hall where abundance of people sat round a table covered with all sorts of dishes. At the upper end there sat a

grave, venerable gentleman with a long white beard, who signalled the porter to draw near, gave him excellent wine and much food.

When the dinner was over the gentleman, who was Sindbad, told the story of his first voyage.

My father (he said) left me a considerable estate, most part of which I spent in debauches during my youth; but I perceived my error, and called to mind that riches were perishable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I frequently heard from my father. That death is more tolerable than poverty, and resolving to improve what money I had, I went to Balsora, in the Persian Gulf, and embarked with several merchants, who joined me in fitting out a ship on purpose.

the sloops; others betook themselves to swimming; but, for my part, I was still upon the back of the whale, when he dived into the sea, and I had time only to catch hold of a piece of wood, that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire.

Meanwhile the captain, having received those on board who were in the sloop, and taken up some of those that swam, resolved to improve the favourable gale that was just risen; and, hoisting his sails, pursued his voyage, so that it was impossible to recover the ship.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves, and struggling for my life all the rest of the day and the following night. Next morning I found my strength gone, and

to see me than I was to see them.

I ate some victuals which they offered me; and then having asked them what they did in such a desert place, they answered, that they were grooms belonging to King Mithrage, sovereign of the island; and that every year, at the same season, they brought hither the king's mares, and fastened them as I saw that mare, until they were covered by a horse that came out of the sea, who, after he had done so, endeavoured to destroy the mare; but they hindered him by their noise, and obliged him to return to the sea; after which they carried home the mare, whose foals they kept for the king's use, and called sea-horses. Whilst they entertained me thus, the horse came out of the sea, as they told me, and afterwards would have devoured the mare; but upon a great noise being made by the grooms, he left her, and went back to the sea.

Next morning they returned with the mares to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to king Mithrage. He asked who I was; by what adventure I came into his dominions; and after I had satisfied him he told me he was much concerned for my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want nothing.

Being a merchant, I frequented men of my own profession, and particularly inquired for those who were strangers, if perhaps I might hear any news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return thither; for king Mithrage's capital is situated on the bank of the sea, and has a fine harbour, where ships arrive daily from the different quarters of the world. There belongs to this king an island, named Cassel; they assured me that every night a noise of drums was heard there, whence the mariners fancied that it was the residence of Dædal.

I had a great mind to see this wonderful place; and in my way thither saw fishes of a hundred and two hundred cubits long. I saw likewise other fishes about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port after my return, a ship arrived; and as soon as she cast anchor, they began to unload her, and the merchants on board ordered their goods to be carried into the magazine. As I cast my eye upon some bales, and looked to the name, I found my own, and perceived the bales to be the same that I had embarked at Balsora.

I also knew the captain; but being persuaded that he believed me to be drowned, I went and asked him whose bales these were. He replied, that they belonged to a merchant of Bagdad, called Sindbad, who was drowned at sea.



"So far, your life has run smoothly, but I foresee a bit of a struggle presently!"

Most of the persons who were with him perished. Those bales belonged to him, and I am resolved to trade with them until I meet with some of his family, to whom I may return the profit.

Captain, says I, I am that Sindbad whom you thought to be dead: those bales are mine.

When the captain heard me speak thus, he would not believe me, but said I wished to impose on him. Then I told him how I escaped, and by what adventure I met with the grooms of king Mithrage, who brought me to his court.

He began to abate of his diffidence upon my discourse, and was soon persuaded that I was no cheat; for there came people from his ship, who knew me, made me great compliments, and testified a great deal of joy to see me alive.

At last, embracing me, Heaven be praised, says he, for your happy escape: there are your goods: take, and do with them what you will. I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented it to king Mithrage, who accepted my present, and gave me one much more considerable in return.

Upon this I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of the country. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Balsora, from whence I came to this city, with the value of one hundred thousand sequins. I bought slaves of both sexes, fine lands, and built me a great house; and thus I settled myself, resolved to forget the miseries I had suffered, and to enjoy the pleasures of life.

Sindbad stopped here, and sent for a purse of one hundred sequins, and giving it to the

porter, says Take this, Hindbad: return to your house, and come back to-morrow to hear some more of my adventures. (To be continued)

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



We got sail, and steered our course towards the East Indies, through the Persian Gulf. At first I was troubled with the seasickness, but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterwards visited with that disease.

On our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day whilst under sail, we were becalmed near a little island, even almost with the surface of the water, which resembled a green meadow.

The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and suffered such persons as had a mind, to land upon the island, amongst whom I was one. But while we were diverting ourselves with eating and drinking, the island trembled all of a sudden, and shook us terribly.

They perceived the trembling of the island on board the ship, and called to us to re-embark speedily, or we should all be lost: for what we took for an island, was only the back of a whale. The nimblest got into

despaired of saving my life, when a wave threw me happily against an island.

The bank was high and rugged; so that I should scarcely have got up, had it not been for some roots of trees, which fortune seemed to have preserved in this place for my safety. Being got up, I lay down upon the ground half dead, until such time as the sun appeared.

After this, I advanced farther into the island, and came at last into a fine plain, where I perceived a horse feeding at a great distance. When I came near, I perceived it to be a very fine mare tied to a stake. Whilst I looked upon her, I heard the voice of a man from under ground, who immediately appeared to me, and asked me who I was.

I gave him an account of my adventure; after which taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed

WANGLING WORDS—404

1. Put a pig in MANY and get a word.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four famous composers: WIENSIRG, NIVULLAS, HIPNOC, GREAL.
3. In the following four objects which people collect the same number stands for the same letter throughout; what are they? 258M32, B445742, F82172, 3625C89D2.
4. Find the two hidden climbing plants in: I don't know what a "bicycle mat" is, but it may be a new sort of saddle.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 403

1. MarmesLUM.
2. SHELLEY, TENNYSON, BROWNING, MILTON.
3. Carnation, Lupin, Hollyhock, Stock.
4. O-live-r, Co-op-er.

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

Thomas Jefferson.
All reformers are bachelors.
George Moore.

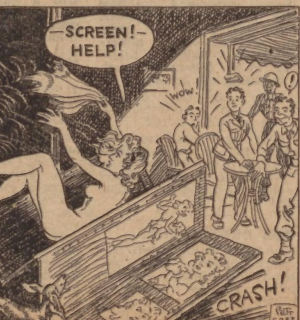
QUIZ for today

1. A sib is a Portuguese coin, harmless snake, close relation, hissing sound, sweetmeat, fairy?
2. If you were skilled in shroffage, what would you be good at?
3. One spindle of linen yarn measures—144, 1,440, 14,400, 144,000 yards?
4. What and where is the Pampas?
5. What would you do with a cembalo—eat it, wear it, play on it, ride it, or sink it?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Hystirics, Historic, Hypocrasy, Hyperbole, Hypothesis.

Answers to Quiz in No. 464

1. Greek letter.
2. Lemon, rum and sugar.
3. Elder.
4. Archery.
5. South America (Chile and Peru).
6. Privilege, Spinach.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10		11				
12			13	14			
15			16	17			
20	21	22		23	24		
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26	27		28	29	30		
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36				37			

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 2 Carriage.
 - 4 Stick.
 - 9 Captain.
 - 11 Of production.
 - 12 Language.
 - 14 Pen.
 - 15 Tree-fruit.
 - 17 Scold.
 - 18 Cereal.
 - 20 Stretches.
 - 25 Jib.
 - 26 Seeds.
 - 28 Give.
 - 31 Of.
 - 33 Duck.
 - 34 Fish.
 - 35 Parasimonious.
 - 36 Nap.
 - 37 Went ahead.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Sounds like bell.
 - 2 Sort of plane.
 - 3 Image.
 - 4 Observed.
 - 5 Small tower.
 - 6 Continent.
 - 7 Get pump.
 - 8 Run off.
 - 10 Poem.
 - 13 Girl's name.
 - 16 Infusible.
 - 19 Girl's name.
 - 21 Of primitive clans.
 - 22 Take on.
 - 23 Avoided.
 - 24 Wine.
 - 26 Free ticket.
 - 27 Rod.
 - 29 Number.
 - 30 Drink.
 - 33 Summit.

DIXEY—
BY REQUEST

The Stoker asked for
London's Strip-Tease
artist Phyllis Dixey—he
got her



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A cat can look at
a queen — that's
the law
or some-
thing."

